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## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Town and country people think in a manner essentially different from each other. Their habits—their pursuits—the whole scenery and circumstances of their lives, are different; and hence arises the distinction between their sentiments. Though these two orders of beings are only fulfilling, each in their own way, a part of the general scheme of mutual utility; though the country is, as it were, the grazier, and the town the cook—the country the forester and the town the carpenter—the country the grower and the town the seller—yet it is curious to see what odd jealousies and invidiousnesses prevail between them. Country people, visiting the town, are sometimes observed to be extravagantly resolute against the weakness of confessing any admiration of the grandeur and fashionable fopperies of the town—though it is quite certain that every ruralist on earth looks either to a Mantua or a Rome of his own, as the grand arbiter of fashion and instructor in manners. In Scotland, all the Lothians, Fife, and the border counties, regard Edinburgh as the fountain and centre of any thing *fine*: all Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and thereabouts, looks to Glasgow. About Galloway, they have a prostrate admiration of Dumfries; and over the Tay, Aberdeen is the cynosure of all neighbouring eyes, except it be a few near Inverness. But yet, when the provincialist comes to his respective capital, watch him as you will, he will not say any thing admiring of it, unless perhaps there be an Englishman in company. They compare every thing disparagingly with the green hills and shining streams, upon which they have been accustomed to look at home. Nay, the country folk will tell you that they perceive the air of the town as soon as they come within a mile or two of it, and are like to die of suffocation till they get out of it again. Every thing, they say, in the way of food, is inferior there, not being raised from the natural pith of the earth, but from wretched chemical forcings; the big buildings are only *big*; all the gentlemen are lawyers, that suck honest men's blood; and the more common-looking people are pickpockets. In fact, all the time that an honest countryman is in town, he is in a state of mingled scorn, terror, and distrust. He walks about the pavement (which hurts his feet dreadfully, because of its wanting the agreeable roughness and tenacity of a country road), glaring with an inapt, foreign, curious look at every window and sign, and evidently labouring under an idea that scores of people are hovering around him in all directions, to play him some mischief, if they can but catch him off his guard. He complains terribly of the distance from one friend's residence to another, as if he were not accustomed to go three times the diameter of the town occasionally to see a neighbour. And whether he "stays" in a hotel, or "puts up" in a humble inn, it is all one—he is in a perfect agony to be gone. He only takes care first to buy a shawl for his wife, and a few mimic guns, fiddles, and picture-books, for his children—"for they always expect something," he affectionately remarks—and then back he flies to his rustic solitude.

It is curious, on the other hand, to remark the correspondingly strange notions of a city-immured person respecting the country. Almost all know a little of it—but only a little. If they know little, they care less. It is only about the month of July, that, for the first time in the year, you begin to hear the city folk talk of the country. They then suddenly pluck up a kind of tender interest in the welfare of that neglected part of the world—something akin to the concern which one has about a woman about to add to the numbers of the human race. They begin to be anxious

about the harvest, upon which they know (for they do know this much) a great deal of their own comfort for the next year depends. You then hear one person say to another, as they pause to shake hands on the street, "Capital weather this for the country!—The wheat must be ripening very fast." Or else, if three people meet under some shelter to shun a shower, it is—"Very severe plump this—very good, though, for the country—shower much wanted." About this time, indeed, the town people become quite magnanimous in the cause of the country. If they only can convince themselves that a shower will do any good elsewhere, they will endure bucketfuls on their own persons with the greatest fortitude and patience. The agricultural interest is not at all aware of the real depth of concern which the commercial world takes in their business at this time—what kind inquiries are made after the prospects of the season—what fond wishes are breathed for propitious weather—what anxiety is expressed about the progress of the harvest! If any man has been a few miles out of town, and can tell something of the appearance of the fields, the hum at a dinner-party subsides in order to hear what he is saying to a gentleman across the table, respecting what he has seen out of doors. "A field of barley cut down, sir, last Wednesday, at Ceres, in Fife [most appropriate locality for such a wonder]—the first of the season—reaping expected to be very general next week. All owing to the fine weather in May. Farmers say they have not known a heavier crop since the ninety-six. New oats are expected at Dalkeith market on Thursday." And then every man eats his dinner with a gratulatory relish, springing from the assurance that "things are all well in the country." Even among humble artisans, who hardly ever see ten inches of blue sky, an interest of a most profound character is felt respecting the harvest; and it is amazing how well they are acquainted with the technical provincial phrases appropriate to the subject. The measure and price of meal is to them a matter of the keenest and most immediate interest; and they are political economists enough to know how intimately that matter is connected with the appearance of the fields in July. It is amusing, sometimes, about seven o'clock on a summer morning, to see perhaps a couple of old red-cowled men—shoemakers, perhaps, or small shopkeepers—taking a stroll with their hands in their pockets under their aprons, about three hundred yards out of town, where, amidst the villas of the suburbs, there may flourish a mere remnant of a field covered with growing barley;—they inspect this with a calculating air, and have their own unprofessional remarks on its appearance. And then they come back to town, and talk for a week about the crops. Or on a summer Sunday evening, when all the fashionable, and even what is called the respectable world, keeps haughtily within doors, how delightful it is to see the honest mechanic taking a stroll in some of the highways or byways a little way out of town, along with his wife and perhaps one or two of his children! His clothes are decent, though perhaps deficient in *expression*, and still marked with the creases incurred in their ordinary-day sinecure. He probably carries his youngest child in his arms, while the wife sails on broad and large in a red shawl in front, attended by a few walking youngsters, who are ever and anon asking her questions about some rural object that strikes their eyes for the first time. It is about six o'clock; and though the house is deserted and locked up, the kettle has been left very near the smothered fire, so as to be ready, when they return, for the infusion of the tea, which is destined to conclude the day's humble and well-earned enjoyments. As he moves along, with his arms clasped

close round his little one, and the back of his coat swinging loose and free of his back, he prattles with his straggling family group about all the cows, and the horses, and the farm-yards, they come in sight of; and ever and anon he takes an interested and knowing look at the oat fields, as if he saw in them the shadow of his coming pottage, and wondered what meal would cost next year per peck. If the weather be clear, with the sun shining over-head, then he rejoices, for two reasons—it is pleasant for a walk, and it promises to "do good to the country." If a shower comes on, it discomposes him and his family not a little, and drives them, a little dragged perhaps, into the next public-house; yet he suffers all with a good grace and a resigned heart—"it may perhaps be of service to the country." If in passing along he sees a boy intruding upon a field of grain, for the purpose of plucking and bruising a few ears, he cries to him in an authoritative tone of voice, to come out of "the victual;" this last phrase being the one which he is disposed to apply to grain, when he wants to treat it with more than usual respect. Whenever the group comes to a place where the enclosing fences are somewhat lofty, then has he to lift up his children one by one, that they may look over and see what they can see. The wife occasionally asks questions about the neighbouring seats, and, in talking of these unusual matters, a style of speech steals unconsciously upon the worthy couple, which is considerably different in tone and language from what they use at home on the week-days. They feel somewhat like civil strangers, in a higher rank of life, explaining things to each other in an urbane and genteel kind of manner; and it is not till they reach home, and recommence household realities, that they become exactly as familiar as they usually are with each other.

It is the most ridiculous thing in the world to institute invidious comparisons between the country and the town, or to say that the balance of advantage lies on either side. Cowper's celebrated line is a fallacy.\* Much of both the country and the town is the creation of the Almighty, and much of both is the creation, in a certain sense, of man. The fields are rendered by man very different from what they were originally; and though his handiwork is more observable in the city, still there is only a difference in degree. The institutions of social life prevail in both town and country; and though there is perhaps more sophistication in the latter, still that too is only a difference in degree. If we concede that social life was intended as the proper condition of man, we must allow that the clustering of certain of the race in cities must have been as expressly contemplated from the first, as the dispersion of others over the face of nature—for the existence of masses of population is a necessary consequence of social life. In this, as in every thing else, man has his choice. If he prefers the air and sights of the sweet-breathed country to the conventional conveniences of a city, he is right for himself and for his kind. If he prefers these conventional conveniences, at the expense of some of the said air and sights, then he is right too. For by either way the general good is advanced. In short, we would like to see all sorts of people removed above inconsiderate prejudices respecting the lot and choice of their neighbours. Even to wonder how another man lives, wanting the things which you appreciate in your own destiny, shows an absence of proper reflection, and would be as well avoided. No man can know what happiness there is in the condition of his fellow-men, unless he put himself into the same situation. Then

\* "God made the country, but man made the town."

he is apt to find, that, in the sphere and caste where he formerly thought there was nothing but unmingled misery, there exist many unseen comforts and blessings, which redeem its outward aspect.

### THE YOUNG CHEMIST.—No. III.

THAT there are likings and dislikings among the inanimate particles of matter, may appear strange, yet, nevertheless, it is true. Boys like the amusements of a holiday better than their school tasks, plum-pudding better than porridge; and some one of their companions they will keep company with, play with, and fight for, in preference to all the others. Men have their likings and dislikings, too, and women no less so; in short, this is one of the universal laws of nature. Now, there are several ways in which matter shows this fellowship, and these have been distinguished as different kinds of attraction. Thus, if a stone is thrown up into the air, it immediately descends again to the earth; if it is taken up the slope of a high mountain, and allowed its own liberty, it will immediately roll down into the lowest part of the plain; in fact, it has a tendency or inclination always to draw as near as possible to the earth's centre. And this is the case with all bodies or masses of matter on the surface of the globe; they are continually subject to a law which draws them to the earth's centre. Thus, too, the earth itself, and the other planets, are drawn in a circle round the great centre of attraction and gravity, the sun. If you take two small thin cut pieces of cork, and place them on the surface of a glass of water, you will find, that, whenever they are put within an inch or half an inch of each other, they will rush together, and adhere or stick so that we may lead about both by dragging one forward with the point of a pin; this shows you that this kind of attraction acts when the substances are at a distance. There is another kind of attraction called *cohesive*. Thus, if you take two small drops or globules of quicksilver, and place them on a smooth piece of paper or table, so that they touch each other, they will immediately join, and become one; but if you take one globule of the same, and a small bit of iron or steel, and put them in the same way in contact, they will not adhere together. Two drops of water on a cabbage-leaf will readily run into each other, and become one; but a drop of water and a drop of oil will refuse to do so. This cohesive attraction, then, takes place only among the particles of the same body, and it is by this law that masses of stone, or iron, or mercury, or water, always keep together. It is by this law, too, that the particles of bodies arrange themselves in those beautiful forms called crystals. Thus, if as much sugar be put into boiling water as it will dissolve, and if the boiling be continued for some time, and then the vessel with its contents laid aside to cool slowly, the particles of the sugar will arrange themselves into forms all of one particular shape, and produce the well-known substance sugar-candy, or crystals of sugar. Our table-salt is also an instance of crystallization, and alum and Epsom salts are examples of the same. We often see in a severe frost in winter the window-panes beautifully ornamented with tree-like figures; this is the moisture or water in the air which has been slowly frozen, and which has thus assumed various figures as its crystals were successively formed. An elegant specimen of crystallization may also be made in the following manner:—Take a common phial with a pretty wide mouth, and put into it about a drachm of sugar of lead (acetate of lead); fill up the phial with water, and shake it to dissolve the powder; then take a small piece of the metal zinc, to be got at any copper-smith's shop; tie a thread round it, the ends of which are to be drawn through a hole made in the cork, so as to suspend the zinc in the phial about an inch from the top; lay the phial aside; and in the course of a few hours a substance like metallic leaves will be found hanging in clusters from the zinc. These leaves are the crystals of lead which have been separated from the acid, which acid has combined with the zinc, for which it had a greater liking or affinity. And this leads us to speak of a third kind of attraction, called chemical affinity. When certain bodies are brought close to each other, or mixed, a chemical action takes place—they unite, but in doing so a substance is formed different from either of the originals. All bodies, however, will not thus mix together; and sometimes when two refuse to unite, on the introduction of a third they will all join in cordial union. Thus, if you take a little oil and a little water, and shake them together in a glass, they will not combine; the mixture, it is true, will get turbid, but on laying it aside for a few minutes, the oil will be found floating above, and the water lying sullenly below; but if to these substances thus in the sulks you add a few drops of strong ammonia, or a little soda or potash, and then shake them, the whole will form a white thickish mixture, which will be in fact a liquid soap. Before this law of chemical attraction acts, it is necessary that the substances should be brought close together; and thus it is different from the attraction of gravity, which, as

we have seen, acts at a distance, and when bodies are far asunder. Nay, it is not only necessary that they should be in close contact, but in many cases very close, or rubbed hard together. Thus, if you take a small quantity of flour of sulphur, and an equal portion of chlorate of potash (a few grains of each), and simply mix them together, no action or union takes place; but if you put these into a mortar, and rub them smartly with the pestle (taking care to have the hand protected with a glove), they will explode with a crackling noise; here the friction has brought the particles of each into close contact. In order that chemical action may take place, it is also in most cases necessary that one or both of the substances be fluid. Thus, if you mix a little of the powder of nitre and flour of sulphur, no change or mixture ensues; but if you melt the nitre over the fire, and then add the sulphur, a bright flame is instantly produced. If from a box of common soda-water powders you take a paper of the blue and a paper of the white kind, and mix them, while dry there is no action; but if you throw this mixture into a glass of water, a violent effervescence takes place. Here both substances become liquid, and the acid of the one powder combines with the soda of the other, while the fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, is set at liberty, and causes the numerous air-bubbles. Heat also very much assists chemical action: many substances that will not mix in cold water readily combine when the water is made to boil. If you take a glass flask, and put into it an ounce of spirit of wine, and a third of an ounce of aquafortis (nitric acid), weakened with two-thirds of water, nothing will take place; but, on applying the slight heat of a spirit lamp below, a gas or air will be disengaged, which will take fire on the approach of a lighted candle. On putting the flask into cold water, the action is stopped; on applying heat again, it is renewed. But perhaps the most singular circumstance connected with chemical attraction is the fact alluded to at the commencement of this subject, that certain bodies have such a strong affinity or inclination for each other, that they will rush together and unite under every favourable circumstance; nay, that some individual matters will cleave to each other, though both at the time are in intimate union with other substances. Thus, in the case of the soda powders above alluded to, in one powder we have two substances, soda and carbonic acid, which have a strong affinity for each other, and in ordinary circumstances remain combined together apparently the best of friends; but no sooner does the soda meet with the tartaric acid of the other powder, than it instantly leaves the carbonic, and unites with the tartaric, for which it has a stronger affinity. Changes of this kind can be illustrated, in many substances, half a dozen of times in succession. Thus, sulphuric acid readily combines with ammonia or hartshorn; if you add a little lime, it flies to this, and leaves the ammonia; add soda; and it leaves the lime; potash, and it leaves the soda; strontia, and it leaves the potash; and, in preference to all, if the earth baryta be added, it will cleave to this. If you add two or three compound substances of different properties, you have then a regular country dance of it, cross hands and up the middle, hubbub and confusion prevail, till at last a complete change of partners takes place, and every substance will be found in the end closely joined to that which it likes best. The investigation of these changes, these likings and rejections, constitutes the great charm of chemistry, and it also constitutes its great and important use in the arts. By knowing these affinities of bodies, one can frequently obtain out of a useless mixture some valuable substance; by combining two useless substances, a third of great importance may be obtained; by simply putting in a few drops of a certain substance into a mass of others, one can distinguish the nature of some or all the substances of the mixture hitherto unknown; in short, the improvements in the arts, in every thing that regards the comfort and elegance, and health of modern civilization, has mainly depended on the perfection of these chemical discoveries. We have still another circumstance to mention with regard to the union of bodies. Some unite apparently in any proportion in which they happen to come together, while others will only unite in certain fixed quantities. Thus, if you have a phial, containing a quantity of water, you may drop a few drops of sulphuric acid into this, and it will readily diffuse itself through the whole, and impart its peculiar acid taste: you may still continue to drop in more of the acid, and still the water will unite with it, and become stronger and stronger; in fact, there is no limit to their mixture. But if you take the same quantity of water, and put into it a small quantity of table-salt, a certain portion of this salt will be readily dissolved, until you come to a point where the water will take up no more; the excess falls to the bottom untouched or unaltered. All salts, and indeed all substances (with the exception of fluids just mentioned, and in these, circumstances may prevent the rule from being apparent), seem to have certain proportions in which they unite with each other, and which proportions they never vary. It is from these innumerable combinations in various measures and degrees, that all the vast variety of substances on the earth are formed; and however numerous and different in their properties these may be, yet, as has been shown in No. I., all are compounded out of some two or more of fifty-four simple or elementary bodies existing in nature. Thousands of

chemical changes are continually going on around us, bringing about a never-ending change on the face of all things; so that the earth is one vast chemical laboratory, where operations of the most stupendous magnitude are daily performing.

Thus, a continual distillation takes place from the sea, and fresh water is separated from its salts, which, descending in rain, feeds vegetation, and affords springs and rivers for the benefit of man and animals. Then the vegetable world extracts the salts of the earth, and combines the air of the atmosphere with their juices, affording food for myriads of animals. The superfluous vegetation decays, or is decomposed into earth and air, affording a soil and juice for the growth of other plants; and man and animals, after having performed their allotted part, are also reduced by a chemical change into their parent dust. If we add to this the decomposition of wood, and coals, which have once been wood, by burning in the fire, whereby their ingredients are changed, but not a particle of them lost, we shall complete the circle of changes and transformations which are daily and hourly going on in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, where, although much appears to be wasted and dissipated, yet such is the accurate and careful details of nature, that it is highly probable the whole sum of matter composing the earth is neither one grain more nor one grain less than what it was at the period when it first came forth from the forming hands of an Omnipotent Creator.

### SAM SPRITSAIL.

"MAYHAP you didn't know Sam, one of the worthiest tars that ever handled a marlin-spike, or took his trick at the helm. Many's the time we have spun our yarns together, shared each other's 'baeca, or fought at the same gun; and tell me what can bind the ties of kindred stronger?"

One day (shortly after the mutiny at Spithead) we were cruising off Brest, and it came on to blow a stiff breeze from the north-west; so the hands were turned up to reef topsails. Now, we had always been considered the smartest ship in the fleet, and the topmen prided themselves on beating every one else, so they were at all times eager to get to their stations. Sam, in hurrying up the hatchway, happened to come in contact with a young midshipman that had scarce ever dipped his hands in salt water, or bit the mark out of a king's biscuit, and nearly capsized him. It wasn't done intentionally; but the small officer, without hesitation, struck him a blow; and though it didn't hurt him much, yet his feelings were wounded, and that to Sam was worse than a broken limb. However, no time could be spared for parleying, for the gale was freshening; so he turned to the young gentleman, gave him a look of stern reproach, and shinned away aloft like a sky-rocket. Well, d'ye see, after shortening sail, and the watch called, Sam was ordered aft on the quarter-deck; for the midshipman, not content with striking him, had also complained to the first lieutenant (who had only joined us a few days before), charging him with mutinous conduct and insolence. "Indeed, sir," said Sam, "I couldn't help it—I didn't mean to offend Mr —: it was all accidental, and I'm sorry for it." "What do you say to that, Mr —?" said the lieutenant. "It was not an accident, sir," replied the midshipman, "but designedly done, for I saw him afterwards turn round and grin at me." "Grin! no, sir, I didn't grin. I certainly looked round, when Mr — here he paused, too proud to mention the blow—"but let it rest, let it rest." "No, my man," rejoined the lieutenant, "I shall not let it rest: the dregs of a mutinous spirit are still operating among you. Here, boatswain's mate, get a rope's-end, and give this fellow a starting." "That's hard, sir," said Sam: "I've always done my duty, and every officer in the ship would answer for me." "Silence, sir! not a word. Boatswain's mate, do your duty." But the poor fellow, who was a messmate of Sam's, fumbled so long, that the lieutenant gave him a rap on the head to freshen his way. By this time the men gathered round the gang-ways, and along the lee side of the deck, all wondering what was the matter; for they knew their shipmate to be the most peaceable obliging man on board, and the best seaman to boot; so whispers ran along, and doubtful looks, as if every one tried to read the other's thoughts. "Do your duty, boatswain's mate!" bellowed the lieutenant. Jack Hawser raised his arm, looked at his messmate (who stood firm as a rock, without betraying a single emotion of fear), and then dropped it again with an expressive shake of the head. The lieutenant now got into a violent passion, and, seizing the end of the top-gallant clew-line, laid it across Jack's shoulders. Again the rope's-end was raised; and Sam, seeing how matters stood, mildly told his messmate "to obey orders, and do his duty." "Lay it on!" roared the officer, observing Jack again hesitate; "lay it on the scoundrel; you're a set of mutinous dogs altogether." Jack was about to give the blow, impelled by the pain from the lieutenant's stripes, when, observing the calm, composed, yet pitying look of his messmate, he dashed the rope's-end on the deck, and, turning to the officer, exclaimed, "If I do, I'll be hanged." At this moment loud murmurs were heard amongst the men; who came pressing farther aft; but fortunately the next minute the captain walked out of his cabin, and finding the first lieutenant belabouring the boatswain's



mate, while the determined countenances of the crew threatened tumult, "Avast, avast, sir," he cried out, "what is all this? I'm sorry to see you in so degrading an office, sir. Pray, what has caused all this violence?" The ship's company were eagerly crowding on the quarter-deck; but their clamour immediately subsided when they heard the captain's voice. "Sir," replied the officer rather haughtily, "these men are mutinous;" loud murmurings arose among the people. "Silence, sir," thundered out the captain, erecting himself in the attitude of one determined to be obeyed: "the first I hear utter a word shall be instantly put in irons: if you are injured, I am here to do you justice." Then, turning to the officer, "Be more guarded in your expressions, sir, and let me know as briefly as possible what has occasioned this commotion." "This young gentleman, sir, brought me a complaint against one of the men, for wilfully running upon him so as nearly to knock him down, and for using insolent language." "Where is the man?" "Here, sir," pointing to Sam. "Who, this—the man? why—but I must hear farther." So he questioned him about it, and Sam explained what had taken place, which was proved by the evidence of all who had witnessed the transaction. "But why, sir," addressing the lieutenant, "were you starting the boatswain's mate?" "Because, sir, he would not execute my orders, in punishing the man." "There he was wrong, for obedience in a seaman is the first test of duty. I honour him for his humanity and noble feeling, but he has my censure for disobedience of orders: however, as he has already suffered chastisement, I shall say no more. As for this man, sir," pointing to Sam, "I only wish that you, sir—yes, you—possessed a heart equally brave and honourable. This man, whom you have stigmatised, and would have punished unjustly, preserved this ship and the lives of her officers during the late insurrection at Spithead. 'Tis true, for the time being, the captain was deprived of his command, and this man elected by the delegates instead; but such was his excellent conduct in restraining the seamen from acts of violence, or even trivial insult, that the duty was carried on by the officers with the same attention as before; only, in one thing they were all determined, not to lift an anchor till their grievances were redressed; and perhaps—but that has been settled. Now, attend, sir, to what I am going to say: while the pendant is waving over our heads, bear in remembrance that I am captain of my own ship, nor will I suffer a hand to be raised against any of the people, unless through my directions." Some of the men began to cheer. "Silence, fore and aft, men; these cheers are disgusting to me, and I am highly displeased with your conduct. Have you ever found me regardless of your comforts or privileges, that you should thus assemble tumultuously together? But there are some among you on whom I shall have a bright eye, and therefore recommend them to keep a sharp look-out. Call the watch, boatswain's mate, and send the rest below."

As the calm frequently follows the tempest while the long-rolling waves are yet violently agitated, though the howling of the gale has ceased, so did the turbulence of the seamen subside, and, slowly quitting the deck, they scarcely raised their heads to look their commander in the face. Sam still stood by the "Jacob's ladder;" and after the captain had taken a few turns, he stopped before him. "As for you, my man," said he, "your attachment to your king and country in the hour of peril has not been forgotten; continue in the conscientious discharge of your duty, and no one here shall harm you; nay, more, when we return into port, I shall use my interest in getting you promoted." "God bless your honour," replied Sam; "I hope your honour don't want to get rid of me: I'd rather sail with you, sir, than be made a lord." "Well, well," returned the captain, "go to your duty now; we'll speak about it another time."

A few weeks after this the fleet put in to Torbay to water, and all the boats were busily engaged in going to and from the shore, while many of the officers made short excursions into the country. During this period the first lieutenant did not forget Sam, for, being left in command, he harassed him incessantly; but the poor fellow scorned to shrink, or even complain. He was a married man, too, and his wife (who resided with her parents between Torbay and Plymouth), not having seen him since the mutiny came alongside in a shore-boat, expecting to have an interview; but the commanding officer would not suffer her to come on board, alleging an order to that effect, which excluded women from the ship; so that poor Sam had only the cheerless satisfaction of passing a few minutes with her in the boat, vainly endeavouring to soften her anguish, and soothe her disappointment. All hands exclaimed loudly against this tyranny, and would most probably have proceeded to open resistance; but they remembered the late rebuke of their captain, and the remonstrances of Sam himself restrained them from open violence.

Well, d'ye see, we sailed again, and cruised to the westward in the chops of the Channel. One evening, just about dusk, blowing very hard, we sprung our bowsprit, and the first lieutenant came out upon it to see the extent of the injury. At this moment a cry was heard on the fore-castle, "A man overboard, a man overboard!" but the gale was so strong, that it could not be heard aft. Sam, however, who was standing on the lee gangway, caught the sound; and, repeating it as loud as possible, sprung upon the ham-

mock-nettings. The ship had very little way through the water; and every soul on deck crowded to the same spot, with the ends of ropes and other things to throw to the unfortunate swimmer; but he was nowhere to be seen. "Where is he?" exclaimed the captain, jumping by the side of Sam: "lower the quarter-boat down. Can you discern any thing of him?" Sam was silent; but his keen eye seemed resting on a particular eddy in the sea. "Where is the first lieutenant?" continued the captain: "why is he not aft here?" "'Tis Mr L.—that's over-board, sir," cried a dozen voices at once. "I see him, sir," said Sam, starting from that fixed attitude he had maintained; "I see him!" and instantly dashed into the waves. The dark body of the lieutenant was now plainly visible, as he emerged from the deep, and lay for a moment inanimate upon the white foam of the billows, while Sam, with his sinewy arms, was cleaving the liquid element, and throwing aside the spray. Before, however, he could reach the officer, the body began gradually to settle down again, and, when he reached the spot, was no longer to be seen. Breathless expectation sat on every countenance (for though all hands disliked him, yet sailors forget animosities in a time of trouble); but what was their surprise—what was their horror—when the brave fellow, who had so gallantly risked his life to rescue his bitterest foe, disappeared in an instant! The ship had now forged considerably a-head, and, owing to the confusion occasioned by the accident, the boat was some time in lowering down; but at last they shoved off, while every eye was anxiously strained in the direction where Sam and the lieutenant had last appeared. The heavy wave rolled on unburdened, displaying its lofty top, as if in triumph, crested with sparkling foam. "There he is!" exclaimed the captain, as the struggling seaman rose upon the hollow of the swell: "pull to starboard in the boat, and stretch out, my lads—stretch out." This latter was delivered through the speaking-trumpet;—the officer heard it—waved his hat, and, catching sight of Sam himself, steered directly for the spot. Hope glowed in every breast at the prospect of his deliverance; but transient was its ray. A mountain wave came curling its monstrous head, threatening destruction to the gallant little crew: it caught the boat, nearly filling her with water, and drove them past their object. Darkness now obscured them from our view; though now and then we could just discern amidst the gloom a black speck, as it rode on the top of the billow. Another boat was immediately manned; lights were hoisted, and false fires burned; but nearly an hour elapsed, and no cutters returned. The captain paced the poop in violent agitation, frequently stopping to make inquiries, and to look himself. At last, "Here's a boat upon the weather quarter," exclaimed a little midshipman; and immediately added, "There's two, sir—there's two—only look, there they both are! Hurrah, my lads: thank God! they're safe." In a few minutes more they rowed alongside. "Hand over a rope's end," cried the officer in the headmost boat, which was the first that had been sent away. The rope's end was handed over. "Some one must be hurt," said the humane surgeon, who stood ready to render his assistance. "I imagine so," returned the captain, "for I fear the poor fellow is lost. As for Mr L.—there cannot be the faintest hope: he has perished without doubt." While this conversation was passing, the men were occupied in carefully raising some one up the side; and just as the captain had finished his sentence, an apparently lifeless body was lifted over the gangway. "'Tis Mr L.—," shouted the surgeon; "'tis my poor messmate!" and instantly sprung forward to assist in carrying him below. "Have you saved the man?" inquired the captain; but before his question could be answered, Sam appeared upon the deck. He staggered through exhaustion towards the captain, and fell senseless at his feet. "Carry this brave fellow into my cabin directly," cried the captain, raising him in his arms, "and send the surgeon's assistant here immediately." "I am here, sir," replied the young man; and, following them into the cabin, poor Sam was after some time recovered. The first lieutenant had been conveyed to the ward-room, and every exertion used for two hours, without showing the least symptoms of returning animation: at the expiration of that time his pulse returned; and in another hour he uttered some incoherent words, and sunk into a deep sleep.

Sam told his tale. When he first disappeared, finding he had missed his object, and trusting to his skill, he dived after the sinking officer. Catching him by the hair, he brought him to the surface; but the lieutenant was senseless, and Sam was compelled to let him go. Again he dived, and again brought him up, when the boat missed them, till, almost exhausted, his strength began to fail, and both were settling fast. Once more Sam quitted his hold, but he determined, as help seemed to be at hand, to make one desperate struggle. He again dived, and writhed his hand in the officer's hair. The effort was too much; and despair even of his own life darted upon Sam's mind—when, at this moment—at this very moment—before he had raised his head above the water, he felt his arm firmly grasped, and the next was hauled up to the bows of the boat, one of the men having thrown himself over for this purpose, while another held fast by his foot.

What need of saying more? Sam was made a boatswain, and now lays up in ordinary in Chatham river;

while Mr L.—learned to temper "mercy with judgment," and became one of the best and most humane officers in the British navy."

## TRADITIONS OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH.

(From *Blackians*, by R. Chambers.)

CRIMINALS, notwithstanding every consideration of the meanness which characterises some crimes, and the wickedness and cruelty of others, are an interesting portion of mankind. The interest respecting them is not confined to the young ladies, who conceive that "the youth in his cart has the air of a lord," and

— "cry, there dies an Adonis."

It is felt by all mankind. The reasons are, that criminals become distinguished and notable above their fellow-creatures—singled out, as it were, and placed in a conspicuous flock, with a pale around them, which the ordinary people of the world will not, dare not overleap. They are interesting, often, on account of their courage—on account of their having dared something which we timorously and anxiously avoid. A murderer or a robber is quite as remarkable a person, for this reason, as a soldier who has braved some flesh-shaking danger. He must have given way to some excessive passion; and all who have ever been transported beyond the bounds of reason by the violence of any passion whatever, generally gain the wonder, if not the admiration, of the rest of the species. Among the inmates of the Old Tolbooth, some of whom had inhabited it for many years, there were preserved a few legendary particulars respecting criminals of distinction, who had formerly been within its walls.

One of the most distinguished traits in the character of the Old Tolbooth was, that it had no power of retention over people of quality. It had something like that faculty which Falstaff attributes to the lion and himself—of knowing men who ought to be respected on account of their rank. Almost every criminal of more than the ordinary rank ever yet confined in it, somehow or other contrived to get free. An insane peer, who, about the time of the Union, assassinated a schoolmaster that had married a girl to whom he had paid improper addresses, escaped while under sentence of death. I am uncertain whether the following curious fact, related to me some years ago by Sir Walter Scott, refers to that nobleman, or to some other titled offender. It was contrived that the prisoner should be conveyed out of the Tolbooth in a trunk, and carried by a porter to Leith, where some sailors were to be ready with a boat to take him aboard a vessel about to leave Scotland. The plot succeeded so far as the escape from jail was concerned, but was knocked on the head by an unlucky and most ridiculous accident. It so happened that the porter, in arranging the trunk upon his back, placed the end which corresponded with the feet of the prisoner uppermost. The head of the unfortunate nobleman was therefore pressed against the lower end of the box, and had to sustain the weight of the whole body. The posture was the most uneasy imaginable. Yet life was preferable to ease. He permitted himself to be taken away. The porter trudged along the Krames with the trunk, quite unconscious of its contents, and soon reached the High Street, which he also traversed. On gaining the Netherbow, he met an acquaintance, who asked him where he was going with that large burden. To Leith, was the answer. The other inquired if the job was good enough to afford a potation before proceeding farther upon so long a journey. This being replied to in the affirmative, and the carrier of the box feeling in his throat the philosophy of his friend's inquiry, it was agreed that they should adjourn to a neighbouring tavern. Meanwhile, the third party, whose inclinations had not been consulted in this arrangement, felt in his neck the agony of ten thousand decapitations, and almost wished that it were at once well over with him in the Grassmarket. But his agonies were not destined to be of long duration. The porter, in depositing him upon the causeway, happened to make the end of the trunk come down with such precipitation, that, unable to bear it any longer, the prisoner fairly roared out, and immediately after fainted. The consternation of the porter, on hearing a noise from his burden, was of course excessive; but he soon acquired presence of mind enough to conceive the occasion. He proceeded to unloose and to burst open the trunk, when the hapless nobleman was discovered in a state of insensibility; as a crowd collected immediately, and the city-guard were not long in coming forward, there was of course no further chance of escape. The prisoner did not eventually recover from his swoon till he had been safely deposited in his old quarters; but, if I recollect rightly, he eventually escaped in another way.

In two very extraordinary instances, an escape from justice has, strange as it may appear, been effected by means of the Old Tolbooth. At the discovery of the Rye-house Plot, in the reign of Charles the Second, the notorious Robert Ferguson, usually styled "the Plotter," was searched for in Edinburgh, with a view to his being subjected, if possible, to the extreme vengeance of the law. It being known almost certainly that he was in town, the authorities shut the gates, and calculated securely upon having him safe within their toils. The Plotter, however, by an expedient

\* Adapted from "Greenwich Hospital, a series of Naval Sketches," Robins, London, 1826.

worthy of his ingenious character, escaped by taking refuge in the Old Tolbooth. A friend of his happened to be confined there at the time, and was able to afford protection and concealment to Ferguson, who, at his leisure, came abroad, and betook himself to a still safer shelter on the Continent. The same device was practised in 1746, by a gentleman who had been concerned in the rebellion, and for whom a hot search had been carried on in the Highlands.

The case of Katherine Nairne, in 1766, excited, in no small degree, the attention of the Scottish public. This lady was allied, both by blood and marriage, to some highly respectable families. Her crime was the double one of poisoning her husband, and having an intrigue with his brother, who was her associate in the murder. On her arrival at Leith in an open boat, her whole bearing betrayed so much levity, or was so different from what had been expected, that the mob raised a general cry of indignation, and were on the point of stoning her, when she was with some difficulty rescued from their hands by the public authorities. In this case the Old Tolbooth found itself, as usual, incapable of retaining a culprit of condition. Sentence had been delayed by the judges on account of her pregnancy. The midwife employed at her accouchement (who continued to practise in Edinburgh so lately as the year 1805) had the address to achieve a jail-delivery also. For three or four days previous to that concerted for the escape, she pretended to be afflicted with a prodigious toothach; went out and in with her head enveloped in shawls and flannels; and groaned as if she had been about to give up the ghost. At length, when all the janitory officials were become so habituated to her appearance, as not very much to heed her exits and her entrances, Katherine Nairne one evening came down in her stead, with her head wrapped all round with the shawls, uttering the usual groans, and holding down her face upon her hands, as with agony, in the precise way customary with the midwife. The inner doorkeeper, not quite unconscious, it is supposed, of the trick, gave her a hearty thump upon the back as she passed out, calling her at the same time a howling old Jezebel, and wishing she would never come back to annoy his ears, and those of the other inmates, in such an intolerable way. There are two reports of the proceedings of Katherine Nairne after leaving the prison. One bears that she immediately left the town in a coach, to which she was handed by a friend stationed on purpose. The coachman, it is said, had orders from her relations, in the event of a pursuit, to drive into the sea, that she might drown herself—a fate which, however dreadful, was considered preferable to the ignominy of a public execution. The other story runs, that she went up the Lawnmarket to the Castlehill, where lived Mr —, a respectable advocate, from whom, as he was her cousin, she expected to receive protection. Being ignorant of the town, she mistook the proper house, and, what was certainly remarkable, applied at that of the crown agent, who was assuredly the last man in the world that could have done her any service. As good luck would have it, she was not recognised by the servant, who civilly directed her to her cousin's house, where it is said she remained concealed many weeks. Her future life, it has been reported, was virtuous and fortunate. She was married to a French gentleman, was the mother of a large and respectable family, and died at a good old age. Meanwhile, Patrick Ogilvie, her associate in the dark crime which threw a shade over her younger years, suffered in the Grassmarket. This gentleman, who had been a lieutenant in the — regiment, was so much beloved by his fellow-soldiers, who happened to be stationed at that time in Edinburgh Castle, that the public authorities judged it necessary to shut them up in that fortress till the execution was over, lest they might have attempted a rescue.

The Old Tolbooth was the scene of the suicide of Mungo Campbell, while under sentence of death (1770) for shooting the Earl of Eglington. In the district where this memorable event took place, it is somewhat remarkable that the fate of the murderer was more generally lamented than that of the murdered person. Campbell, though what was called "a graceless man," and therefore not much esteemed, was rather popular in his profession of exciseman, on account of his rough, honourable spirit, and his lenity in the matter of smuggling. Lord Eglington, on the contrary, was not liked, on account of the inconvenience which he occasioned to many of his tenants by newfangled improvements, and his introduction into the country of a generally abhorred article, denominated rye-grass, which was fully as unpopular a measure as the bringing in of Prelacy had been a century before. Lord Eglington was in the habit of taking strange crutches about his farms—crutches quite at variance with the old-established prejudices of his tenantry. He sometimes tried to rouse the old-fashioned farmers of Kyle from their negligence and supineness, by removing them to other farms, or causing two to exchange their possessions, in order, as he jocularly alleged, to prevent their furniture from getting mouldy, by long standing in particular damp corners. Though his lordship's projects were all undertaken in the spirit of improvement, and though these migrations were doubtless salutary in a place where the people were then involved in much sloth and nastiness, still they were premature, and carried on with rather a harsh spirit. They therefore excited feelings in the country people not at all favourable to his character. They

joined to the natural eagerness of the common people to exult over the fall of tyranny, and the puritanical spirit of the district, which disposed them to regard his lordship's peccadilloes as downright libertinism, altogether conspired against him, and tended to throw the glory and the pity of the occasion upon his lordship's slayer. Even Mungo's poisoning was excused, as a more amiable failing than the excessive solicitude about the preservation of game, which had always been the unpopular mania of the Eglington family. Mungo Campbell was a man respectably connected, the son of a provost of Ayr, had been a dragoon in his youth, was eccentric in his manners, a bachelor, and was considered at Newmills, where he resided, as an austere and unsocial, but honourable and correct man. There can be no doubt that he rose on his elbows and fired at his lordship, who had additionally provoked him by bursting into a laugh at his awkward fall. The Old Tolbooth was supposed by many, at the time, to have had her usual failing in Mungo's case. The interest of the Argyle family was said to have been employed in his favour; and the body, which was found suspended over the door, instead of being his, was thought to be that of a dead soldier from the castle substituted in his place. His relations, however, who were very respectable people in Ayrshire, all acknowledged that he died by his own hand; and this was the general idea of the mob of Edinburgh, who, getting the body into their hands, trailed it down the street to the King's Park, and, inspired by different sentiments from those of the Ayrshire people, were not satisfied till they got it up to the top of Salisbury Crag, from which they precipitated it down the Cat Nick.

So ends our gossip respecting a building which has witnessed and contained the meetings of the Scottish Parliament in the romantic days of the Jameses—which held the first fixed court of law established in the country—which was looked to by the citizens in a rude age as a fortified place for defence against external danger to their lives and goods—which has immured in its gloomy walls persons of all kinds liable to law, from the gallant Montrose, and the faithful Guthrie and Argyle, down to the humblest malefactor in the modern style of crime—and which, finally, under the name of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, has been embalmed in the imperishable pages of the greatest fictitious writer our country has ever produced.

#### THE HAPPY VALLEY.

To the enthusiastic lover of the vastness, the beauty, and variety of nature, few situations are capable of imparting the same delight which he feels when the winter he has passed amidst the sophisticated circles of fashionable society, and the narrow compass of the streets of a city, is over, and the earth, having once more donned her summer robe, invites him to go forth and contemplate its loveliness. It was in the blooming month of June that I turned my steps westward from the capital of Scotland, to visit several places celebrated for their beauty, which I had never seen. There is something in the view of new prospects, and in the treading on new ground, which has always had the most exhilarating effect on my mind; and I arrived at the end of my first day's journey in the best possible mood for enjoying the pleasure that awaited me. It was a clear, soft, balmy evening when I left the vehicle which had conveyed me from town, in order to prosecute on foot the remainder of the way to the place which was the present object of my travels, and where I intended to remain for some days, that I might have an opportunity of examining its works of complicated art, as well as its scenes of natural and picturesque beauty; there being in the place I was about to visit very extensive cotton-mills, whose site is at the bottom of a deep ravine, through which flows one of the principal rivers of Scotland. For the short distance of somewhat less than a mile, which I traversed before reaching the place of my destination, there were no very remarkable features in the country around to attract attention, or excite admiration, which was all in favour of the impression to be suddenly made, when the object of interest burst upon my view, and I beheld the vale through which the river winds, in all its luxuriance of beauty, lying at my feet, at a very considerable depth.

There I stood, in a perfect trance of delight, while I contemplated the circuitous paths which descend the banks in a perpetual zig-zag, and lead to the mills amidst trees of different kinds, whose foliage still retained the first bright and unsullied verdure of spring. The large masses of building, though constructed in straight and stiff lines, are prevented from appearing monotonous by their standing separately—by the manner of their disposition, the inequalities of the ground, and the scene of beauty in which they are embosomed, between the banks of the river, that are now precipitous, and now receding—in one place clothed with young plantations to the water's edge, and in another

studded with trees the growth of ages, and interspersed alternately with rugged rocks and green slopes. The view was indeed like that of a fairy land, which I almost imagined myself to be entering after having left the every-day world behind me. I have seldom visited large manufacturing establishments without revolting from the moral picture they exhibited, in the squalid misery, or the impress of reckless vice in the people; but here every thing accords with the first delightful impression that you are entering a favoured spot, enclosed and kept apart from the wickedness that reigns in the earth; for you behold nearly two thousand of your fellow-beings rescued from idleness, want, and vice, by means of the benevolent and wise regulations to which they are subjected, and the unremitting care taken to put those regulations in force. Here all are well instructed, and supplied not only with the necessities and decencies of life, while they are exempted, in as far as the nature of things admits, from its calamities, but also with many of its innocent recreations and enjoyments. Here health, order, neatness, and amity, prevail, while instances of depravity are exceedingly rare; and it enjoys the proud pre-eminence of being pronounced the place most free from crime of any in Scotland.

These peculiar features of this "happy valley," together with its contiguity to a domain of far-famed and almost unrivalled scenery, and the historical recollections of the adjacent country, which was in times long past the theatre of valiant and glorious deeds, naturally give an uncommon interest to every thing connected with it, and inspire or encourage in its visitors a certain imaginative temperament. It was thus that I felt myself daily impelled, during my stay within its romantic influence, to follow the river in its sinuous windings; to stand on the beetling precipices which overhang its leaping cataraacts; to descend to its rocky caverns, and tread its tangled woods; and, above all, to question such persons as chance threw in my way, in the hope of finding some spot more certainly and more recently connected with the history of a human heart, than those spoken of in the vague legends of the olden time, and which might give to it the charm of association. For some days, I was disappointed in what, I am well aware, would be called by the generality of mankind a foolish fancy; but one evening, following a footpath into a thicket of birch, alder, and I entered a small square space, round which a dilapidated hedge of mingled beech and thorn ran on three sides, and where from amidst the tall coarse grass peeped forth several low grave-stones scattered round a tomb, whose large flat surface gave it rather a more imposing appearance. On many of the smaller stones the letters were nearly obliterated, and on the rest they only signified the name and age of those they commemorated. The larger one was more communicative, for, beginning with that impressive entreaty, "Stop, traveller," after which we always expect to learn some tale of unusual interest, it went on to tell that its youthful tenant had been born in a distant part of England; that he had for a short period filled the place of schoolmaster at the manufactory; that he had gained the love and esteem of the people; and that, at the early age of eighteen, he had fallen from an overhanging cliff of the river into one of its deepest and darkest pools, out of which he was taken a lifeless corpse.

Just as I had finished reading the inscription, I heard a rustling noise among the bushes, and the careless whistle of a country lad, who presently passed along one side of the enclosure; and being anxious to learn of him why this little spot had been set apart for the purpose of sepulture, I was informed that it was the burial-place of *strangers*. On my putting some questions to him relative to the young man on whose grave I was sitting, he pointed out to me one of the low head-stones near to it, as that of the unfortunate's mother, a widow woman, who, on hearing of the death of her only son, had travelled from England to learn the particulars of his sad fate, and to remain near his grave till she should herself occupy one by its side—which she soon took possession of, in this last abode of the stranger. How many affecting and melancholy ideas did this simple relation, and those magic words, the *stranger*, immediately conjure up! "Are we not all strangers in this poor pilgrim world?" said I. Why, then, are these mouldering remains separated from their kindred bones in the parish churchyard? Why are they outcasts from that common receptacle of mortality? Would the dust of the old inhabitants of the country be aggrieved by this intermixture? No, the sleep of the grave is too sound to be disturbed by the intrusion of strangers—it is the living dust alone that is thus punctilious. What is a stranger but a fellow-being launched like ourselves into this fleeting world—a brother of mortality, feeling like ourselves the same wants and wishes, joys and sorrows—one who has left a home that his heart yearns after with all its soothing of kindred affection, and its haunts of early days, and who vainly seeks in a strange land for something to fill the aching void created in his bosom! And the poor youth who lies beneath, and whose pulse no longer throbs with these recollections, lulled, perhaps, and studied on, in the fond hope of once more returning to cheer the heart of his widowed parent in his hallowed home, while she yet lived to bless him, little dreaming of the sad and sudden end that awaited him. His last sufferings were quickly over. But it was not thus with the mother. She too, had cherished the hope of his re-



turn; but he would come no more to cheer her solitary abode, to support her in her few remaining steps to the grave. The last solace of her life was gone, and, aged and destitute of worldly hope, she took her sorrowful journey, that she might hear his name repeated by those whose regard he had won—that she might contemplate the objects he had so lately looked upon—that she might spend the short time allotted to her after his early grave, and be undivided from him in death. Nor had she long, it appears, to wait, for the arrow had sped to her desolate heart. The wound was mortal beyond the healing balm of consolation, and she lies beside him in the burial-place of the stranger.

Thus it is with frail and helpless man, whose life is ever subject to the most calamitous changes—who cannot foresee a single event—who, when he begins his journey of life, knows not through what paths it is to lead him, or how, or where, or when, it is to terminate.\*

#### SELF-APPRECIATION.

THE self-appreciation of all men is perhaps pretty much alike: the grand difference lies in the power of concealing it. In one point of view, he whom the world calls the vain man is only the most candid, while the person denominated modest is only so far a hypocrite. Nevertheless, as the intrusion of our self-appreciation before the eyes of others is to them disagreeable, it must be considered as a violation of the convenience of our fellow-creatures, which, like all similar annoyances, they are entitled to resent; and as it at the same time betrays a want of self-command, or of knowledge of the world, on the part of those manifesting it, mankind are equally justified in characterising it as either a defect in character or in conduct. Whatever, therefore, be the comparative simplicity of intentions in the vain man, his fault is one which it is for his advantage to combat, and, if possible, suppress.

When any man conceives that he possesses some peculiar mental qualification which should bring him to distinction in life, let him exert that property in every feasible way for the end he has in view. All kinds of doings are tolerated in such a person: he may write upon the loftiest theme in the world, or attempt a scientific project, which, if successful, would revolutionise the general affairs of mankind. One thing, however, he *must not do*: he must never breathe a word to a living creature, that could be interpreted into a confession of his own sense of superiority. To put forward the slightest verbal or written pretension to a merit which either has or has not yet been conceded by the voice of his fellow-creatures, shipwrecks him at once, by stamping him as "a vain man." Nay, if he so much as receives a compliment in a way not perfectly modest—if he treats it in the least as a matter of course, or as a thing which he thought he had reason to expect—if he do not, in fact, express a perpetual wonder at the honours that come upon him, and appear, all the time he is writing and fighting for praise, to be unconscious of there being any such thing in the world, he is equally sure to get this condemning reputation. The world will allow him to be as great a dissembler as he pleases, but it will not allow him to show the most distant symptom of self-esteem—an expressive enough proof of the leniency with which mankind often treat real vices, while simple weaknesses are punished without mercy.

It is a common remark, that modesty is always found in the same proportion as true greatness. And so it well may. When the literary society of Portsmouth came to pay their respects to Sir Walter Scott, then about to depart for Italy, and to make him an honorary member of their body, he expressed himself as oppressed with a compliment, to which "so humble an individual as he" had no pretension! Such, we have learned from one of the society, were nearly his exact words; and innumerable anecdotes of this eminent man could be adduced to the same effect. Now, with us the wonder would have been greater, if a man who received praise so abundantly and so readily, had continued to appear externally covetous of it, or even in his heart received it with satisfaction. It was, in his case, water poured upon the drowned. The man from whom, in reality, modesty of this kind is least to be expected, is he, who, getting little spontaneous praise from his fellow-men, finds himself under the necessity of giving them a gentle hint now and then as to his pretensions, and thus ravishing what he cannot get by fair means. Such a man has no acquired reputation

to risk by his want of modesty, and thus one of the greatest checks is wanting. The backwardness of mankind makes him desperate, and, seeing that he cannot be worse than he is, he hesitates not to tell them that he is at least no inconsiderable person in his own eyes. If such an individual, however, were suddenly to become really worthy of the admiration of his fellow-men, every step he advanced would be a pledge for his modesty, and he would at no time appear less aware of the existence of his laurels, than at the moment when they were actually blinding him with their luxuriance.

The strong and the feeble parts of human nature are so curiously mingled, that we sometimes find in one man the power to excel almost all others in a certain department of exertion, accompanied by an imbecility of character which causes him to seem even more vain and childish than the most undisciplined fop. All who have been much acquainted, for instance, with literary men, must have remarked, that, in some, the power of composing language seemed rather to arise from a disease in their minds—a kind of suppuration—than from any superior organization or innate genius. Vanity is an almost unfailing peculiarity in such persons; and if they do any good at all, to no other impulse or motive can it be traced. While these considerations call for our wonder, they should also make us humanely lenient towards the class of offenders whom we are pointing out to public notice. I may grant that the manifestation of self-esteem is an annoyance to others; yet I am inclined at the same time to suspect, that he who is most anxious for praise himself, is likely to be most fretted by seeing it thus self-applied in another. On no other principle does it appear to me explicable, that men visit this foible with so much reprobation and ridicule, while they will strain every nerve, and scout every received moral maxim, in order to explain away the actual wickedness of some talented favourite, who perhaps despised them, and made them his tools. It is the part of a good spirit to regard this weakness with gentleness, as one which does no real harm to any one, while it is evidently a source of happiness to the individual in whom it is manifested. There are many points in human character more worthy of rebuke and more liable to reformation than this; and the pleasures of life are not so abundant as to enable us to spare even one so peculiarly founded on delusion.

#### THE PLAGUE OF THE WEST INDIES.

THE people of this country frequently grumble at the variableness of the climate, and conceive themselves to be labouring under many discomforts. But they forget that they are entirely free of those dreadful plagues of warm countries—hosts of troublesome insects. The intolerable pest of America is the mosquito; yet it is surpassed by the insects of the West India islands, which are the source of never-ceasing annoyance. Mrs Carmichael, the intelligent authoress of a work on the West Indies, just published, relates the following remarkable instance of the prevalence of the insect plague:—

"One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill by an unusual number of black birds, whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calibash tree near the kitchen. I asked D., who at that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of those black birds? She said, 'Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God; dey are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noontime how the ants will come and clear the houses.' At this moment I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D.'s, I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur-ants crawling about the floor of the room: my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table where their legs did not communicate with the floor. They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them; and next they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not nearly so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle for not only were the floor and the walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur-ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store-house. The inward windows of this room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and the jack-

spaniards, on the pane of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies: it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, both pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivably short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm.

From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chassieurs. I opened a large military chest full of linens, which had been much infested: for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters. I found the ants already inside: I suppose they must have got in at some opening at the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chambers built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store-room at the end of the other house, for a place of retreat; but, to get the key, I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever: the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice; and, strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them (as they had the insect tribe), covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period. We next tried the kitchen; for the store-room and boys' pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them. A luckless negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said, 'Ah, misses, you've got the blessing of God to-day, and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning.' I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock, the great strife began with the rats and mice; and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors. But the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnants of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the black birds, who had never been long absent from the calibash and pois-doux trees in the neighbourhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock, the whole was over; before sun-down, the negro houses were also cleared out in the same way; and they told me they had seen the black birds hovering about the almond-trees, close to the negro houses, as early as seven in the morning. I never saw those black birds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times."

#### ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT BOYS

FROM A FRENCH PRISON.

LIEUTENANT BOYS, an officer in the British navy, has written an interesting account of his escape from the fortress of Valenciennes, where he was confined as a prisoner of war. In accomplishing his object, he had to encounter unheard of miseries, and at the outset found considerable difficulty in persuading some of his comrades to accompany him. Having at length settled the preliminaries of escape, he thus proceeds to detail his adventures:—

"Not an hour was lost in procuring every thing needful for the occasion; but before we could fix the precise day, we resolved to obtain some information respecting the obstacles in our passage to the upper citadel, that being the only way by which we could possibly escape. It was necessary to be very cautious in this particular, and many schemes were suggested.

At length, hearing that that part of the fortifications abounded in wild rabbits, my greyhounds were offered to one of the gendarmes, whenever he chose to make use of them; and the fellow mentioned it to the *maréchal de logis*, who was equally pleased with the expectation of sport, for they verily believed that such beautiful English dogs could kill every rabbit they saw. Shortly afterwards, the *gendarme* came, with the keys in his hand, for them, the *maréchal de logis* waiting at the gate. The dogs, however, had been taught to follow no one but their master, so that their refusing to go afforded me an opportunity of making an offer to accompany them, which was immediately accepted.

Whitehurst, Hunter, and two or three others, requested to go with us; four other gendarmes were ordered to attend, and we went in a tolerably large party. We took different directions round the ramparts, kicking the grass, under pretence of looking for rabbits; few were found, and none killed; but we succeeded in making our observations, and in

\* This little burial-place for strangers is on the wooded bank immediately above New Lanark, and contains the tombstone and inscription mentioned above.

about an hour returned, fully satisfied of the practicability of escape, though the difficulties we had to encounter were, to scale a wall, to ascend the parapet unseen, to escape the observation of three or four sentinels and the patrols, to descend two ramparts of about forty-five feet each, to force two large locks, and to get over two draw-bridges. These were not more than we expected, and we therefore prepared accordingly.

On our return, we fixed the night of the 16th November for the attempt. In the meantime, my friend McIntosh, then residing in town, got iron-hooks put to a pair of steel boot-hooks, given to me by Craig, which I intended to use as picklocks. The only thing now wanting was another rope; and as that belonging to the well in the midshipmen's yard was (from decay) not trust-worthy, in the night we hacked several of the heart-yarns, so that the first time it was used in the morning it broke. A subscription was made by the mid, and a new one applied for. By these means we had at command about thirty-six feet, in addition to what our friends had before purchased of the boys. Every thing was now prepared; the spirits and provisions in the knapsacks were concealed in the dog-kennel.

On the 14th, Whitehurst communicated the secret to a young mid, named Mansell, who immediately proposed to join, and my consent was requested; but I strongly objected, under the impression of his being unable to endure the privations and hardships to which we might probably be exposed: by the persuasion of Ricketts and Cadell, however, I at last consented.

At length the time arrived which I had so ardently desired, and the feelings of delight with which I hailed it were such as allowed me to anticipate the happiest results. The thought of having lost so many years from the service of my country, during an active war, had frequently embittered hours which would otherwise have been cheerful and merry, and now proved a stimulant to perseverance, exceeded only by that which arose from the desire I felt to impress upon the minds of Frenchmen the inefficacy of vigilance and severity to enchain a British officer, when compared with that milder and more certain mode of securing his person, "confiding in his honour."

As the sun declined, our excitement increased. Our plans had been conducted with such profound secrecy, that only our most confidential friends entertained the slightest suspicion of our intention. At the usual hour we retired to rest; at half-past eleven we arose, and, in preparation for our departure, went into the midshipmen's little yard, unsupplied the well-rope, and returned to the apartment. Desirous of bidding adieu to our messmates, the six who slept in the room were awakened. On seeing the manner in which we were equipped, the rope slung over the shoulder, the knapsacks, the implements, and the laugh each one was endeavouring to stifle, they were so confused, that they could not, for the moment, comprehend why we were thus attired. When told that we intended being in England in ten days, they exclaimed, "Impossible!" and argued against the attempt, as nothing better than the effect of insanity, insisting that we were obstinately running, with our eyes open, into the very mouth of destruction. But as such remarks, if listened to, might only have tended to create indecision, we shook hands, and said, "Good night." When about to depart, Cadell observed, we had better wait a few minutes, as it was then very star-light, and nearly a calm. His advice was attended to, and we impatiently waited the passing of a cloud, in the hope of its increasing the obscurity; but the clouds dispersed, the wind died away, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the watch-calls of the sentinels, and the occasional footsteps of the patrols. This anxious state of suspense continued until two o'clock, when we again rose to depart, but were prevented by the kind interference of our friends, who insisted on our waiting a little longer, arguing, that as I had met with so many disappointments, and had so repeatedly avowed my intention to act prudently, we ought to wait, even till the morrow-night, if necessary. "What folly," continued Ricketts, "to blast all your prospects by false notions of honour; but the idea of flinching at this crisis was so repugnant to my feelings, and so wounding to my pride, that it was with the utmost reluctance I could consent to postpone the attempt another minute. On reflection, however, I felt the propriety of his remarks, and also that our liberty and lives being, in a great measure, dependent upon my discretion, it behoved me not to allow my judgment to be influenced by the opinions of the illiberal or hot-headed, who I feared would attribute our delay to other causes than the real one. However, that mattered little: patient and persevering, we anxiously watched the stars, and, sensibly alive to every thing that could for a moment endanger the confidence reposed in me by my companions, I listened with attention to their opinions, when, finding them to coincide with my own, and the clock now striking three, we agreed to postpone the attempt till the following night, and then start about eight P.M. All present promised secrecy; we replaced the well-rope, returned our knapsacks to the care of the grayhounds, and retired to bed.

The next morning nothing material occurred: the movements of the preceding night were unsuspected. In the afternoon we amused ourselves with writing a letter to the commandant, in which we thanked him

for his civilities, and assured him that it was the rigid and disgraceful measures of the French government which obliged us to prove the inefficacy of 'locks, bolts, and fortresses,' and that if he wished to detain British officers, the most effectual method was to put them upon their 'honour' for that alone was the bond which had enchained us for more than five years. This letter was left with Ricketts to be dropped on the following day near the 'corps de garde.' At half-past seven P.M., we assembled, each provided with a clasp-knife and a paper of fine pepper, upon which we placed our chief dependence, for, in case of being closely attacked, we intended to throw a handful into the eyes of the assailants, and then to retreat.

The plan was, that Hunter and myself were to depart first, fix the rope, and open the opposing doors; a quarter of an hour afterwards, Whitehurst and Mansell were to follow. By these means we diminished the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more upon his own care; for if Hunter and myself were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety; and if, on the contrary, they were discovered, we hoped to have time during the alarm to gain the country. Our intentions were to march to the sea-side, and range the coast to Brekens, in the island of Cadzand, opposite Flushing, and if means of getting ashore were not found before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage-boat for Flushing, and, about mid-channel, rise and seize the vessel.

It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and, as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise; indeed, things were so promising an appearance, that we resolved to take leave of a few other of our brother officers. Accordingly, Messrs Halford, Rochfort, Wright, Miller, Mahony, Robinson, and two others, were invited; to these I detailed our exact situation, the difficulties we had to contend with, and the means of surmounting them; reminded them of our letter to the commandant of last month, and the glory of putting our threats into execution in spite of his increased vigilance; read the one we had that afternoon written, and proposed that any of them should follow that chose, but with this stipulation, that they allowed four hours to elapse before they made the attempt. Upon which, it being a quarter past eight, Hunter and I, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker, or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed.

We first went into the back yard, and, assisted by Rochfort, who was now convalescent, but not sufficiently strong to join the party, got over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road, and climbed silently upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the back of the north guard-room, lying perfectly still as the sentinels approached, and, as they receded, again advancing, until we reached the parapet over the gateway, leading to the upper citadel. Here the breastwork over which we had to creep was about five feet high and fourteen thick, and it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below; but, fortunately, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to take shelter in their boxes. With the utmost precaution we crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork, towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry of 'Sentinelle prenez garde à vous,' similar to our 'All's well'; this, though it created for a moment rather an unpleasant sensation, convinced me that we had reached thus far unobserved.

I then forced the poker into the earth, and, by rising and falling with nearly my whole weight, hammered it down with my chest. About two feet behind, I did the same with the stake, then slipped the eye of the well-rope over the head of the poker, and fastened a small line from the upper part of the poker to the lower part of the stake. This done, we gently let the rope down through one of the grooves in the rampart, which receives a beam of the drawbridge when up. I then cautiously descended this half chimney, as it were, by the rope. When I had reached about two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, struck against the side, and rebounded against my chest; this I luckily caught between my knees, and carried down without noise.

I crossed the bridge, and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence. We then entered the relevel, proceeded through the arched passage which forms an obtuse angle with a massive door leading to the upper citadel, and with my picklock endeavoured to open it; but not finding the bolt yield with gentle pressure, I added the other hand, and gradually increased the force, until, by exerting my whole strength, something broke. I then tried to file the catch off the bolt, but that being cast iron, the file made no impression; we then endeavoured to cut away the stone in the wall which receives the bolt, but that was fortified with a bar of iron, so that it was impracticable. The picklocks were again applied, but with no better success. It now appeared complete check-mate, and, as the last resource, it was proposed to return to the bridge, slip down the piles, and float along the canal on our backs, there being too little water to swim and too much mud to ford it. Hunter,

with the most deliberate coolness, suggested the getting up the rope again, and attempting some other part of the fortress. In the midst of our consultation, it occurred to me that it would be possible to undermine the gate: this plan was no sooner proposed than commenced, but having no other implements than our pocket-knives, some time elapsed before we could indulge any reasonable hopes of success: the pavement stones under the door were about ten inches square, and so closely bound together, that it was a most difficult and tedious process. About a quarter of an hour had been thus employed, when we were alarmed by a sudden noise, similar to the distant report of a gun, echoing in tremulous reverberations through the arched passage; and as the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate, creating a belief that we were discovered. We jumped up, drew back towards the bridge, intending, if possible, to steal past the gendarmes, and slip down the piles into the canal; but the noise subsiding, we stood still, fancying we heard the footsteps of a body of men.

The recollection of the barbarous murderers at Biche, on a similar occasion, instantly presented itself to my sensitive imagination; it is impossible to describe the conflicting sensations which rushed upon my mind during this awful pause. Fully impressed with the conviction of discovery, and of falling immediate victims to the merciless rage of ferocious blood-hounds, in breathless anxiety I stood and listened, with my knife in savage grasp, waiting the dreadful issue, when, suddenly, I felt a glow flush through my veins, which hurried me on with the desperate determination to succeed, or make a sacrifice of life in the attempt. We had scarcely reached the turning when footsteps were again heard, and, in a whispering tone, 'Boys.' This welcome sound created so sudden a transition from desperation to serenity, from despair to so pleasing a conviction of success, that in an instant all was hope and joy. Reinforced by our two friends, we again returned to our work of mining, with as much cheerfulness and confidence as though already embarked for England. They told us the noise was occasioned by the fall of a knapsack, which Mansell, unable to carry down the rope, had given to Whitehurst, from whom it slipped, and falling upon a hollow sounding bridge, between two lofty ramparts, echoed through the arched passage with sufficient effect to excite alarm. Whitehurst, with much presence of mind, stood perfectly still when he landed on the bridge, and heard the sentinel walk up to the door on the inside, and stand still also; at this time they were not more than four feet from each other; and had the sentinel stood listening a minute longer, he must have heard Mansell land.

Three of us continued mining until half-past ten, when the first stone was raised, and in twenty minutes the second. About eleven, the hole was large enough to allow us to creep under the door. The drawbridge was up; there was, however, sufficient space between it and the door to allow us to climb up; and the drawbridge being square, there was, of course, an opening under the arch. Through this opening we crept, lowered ourselves down by the second rope, which was passed round the chain of the bridge, and keeping both parts in our hands, landed on the 'garde fous.' Had these bars been taken away, escape would have been impossible, there not being sufficient rope for descending into the ditch. By keeping both parts of it in our hands, the last man was enabled to bring it away, otherwise four ropes would have been necessary.

We then proceeded through another arched passage, with the intention of undermining the second door; but, to our great surprise and joy, we found the gendarmes had neglected to lock it. The drawbridge was up. This, however, detained us but a short time; we got over, crossed the ditch upon the 'garde fous,' as before, and landed in the upper citadel. We proceeded to the north-east curtain, fixed the stake, and fastened the rope upon the breastwork for the fourth descent. As I was getting down, with my chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched hold of the rope, and Mansell, of his coat, whilst I endeavoured to grasp the grass, by which I was saved from a fall of about fifty feet. Fortunately, there was a solitary tree in the citadel; from this a second stake was cut, and the rope doubly secured as before. We all got down safe with our knapsacks, except Whitehurst, who, when about two-thirds of the way, from placing his feet against the rampart, and not letting them slip so fast as his hands, got himself in nearly a horizontal position; seeing his danger, I seized the rope, and placed myself in rather an inclined posture under him; he fell upon my arm and shoulder with a violent shock. Fortunately neither of us was hurt; but it is somewhat remarkable, that within the lapse of a few minutes we preserved each other from probable destruction.

The vivid imagination of the indulgent reader will better depict than I can describe our feelings at this momentous period; suffice it to say, that we heartily congratulated ourselves upon our providential success, after a perilous and laborious work of three hours and

\* The 'garde fous' are two iron bars, one above the other, suspended by chains on each side of the ridge—when down, serving the purpose of hand-rails.



three quarters; and, in the excess of joy, all shook hands.

Having put our knapsacks a little in order, we mounted the glacier, and followed a footpath which led to the eastward. But a few minutes elapsed, when several objects were observed on the ground, which imagination, ever on the alert, metamorphosed into gendarmes in ambush; we, however, marched on, when, to our no small relief, they were discovered to be cattle. Gaining the high road, we passed (two and two, about forty paces apart) through a very long village, and having travelled three or four miles, felt ourselves so excessively thirsty that we stopped to drink at a ditch; in the act of stooping, a sudden flash of lightning, from southward, so frightened us (supposing it to be the alarm-gun), that, instead of waiting to drink, we ran for nearly half an hour. We stopped a second time, and were prevented by a second flash, which alarmed us even more than the first, for we could not persuade ourselves it was lightning, though no report was heard. Following up the road in quick march, our attention was suddenly arrested by a draw-bridge, which being indicative of a fortified place, we suspected a guard-house to be close at hand, and were at first apprehensive of meeting with a serious impediment; but observing the gates to be open, we concluded that those at the other extremity would be also open, and therefore pushed forward. We drank at the pump in the square, when it was recollected that this was the little town of St. Amand. Directing our course by the north star, which was occasionally visible, we passed through without seeing a creature.

About an hour afterwards, still continuing a steady pace, four stout fellows rushed out from behind a hedge, and demanded where we were going. Whitehurst and Mansell immediately ran up; and as we previously resolved never to be taken by equal numbers, each seized his pepper and his knife in preparation for fight or flight, replying, in a haughty tone of defiance, 'What is that to you?—be careful how you interrupt military men!' then whispered loud enough for them to hear 'la bayonette,' upon which they dropped astern, though they still kept near us.\* In the course of a quarter of an hour, on turning an angle of the road, we lost sight of them, and continued a rapid march, frequently running, until about five A. M., when we were unexpectedly stopped by the closed gates of a town. We retraced our steps a short distance, in the hope of discovering some other road, but we could find neither a footpath, nor wood, nor any other place of concealment. We quitted the high road, and drew towards a rising ground, there to wait the dawn of day, in the hope of retreating to some neighbouring copse. No sooner had we laid ourselves upon the ground, than sleep overcame us.

Our intention was, if no wood could be seen, to go to an adjoining ploughed field, and there scratch a hole in which we could hide ourselves from a distant view; upon awakening from a short slumber, we reconnected around, and found our position to be near a fortification; being well acquainted with such places, we approached, in the hope of finding an asylum. At break of day, we descended into the ditch, and found the entrance into the subterranean works of the covered way nearly all blocked up with ruins and bushes; an opening, however, was made; we crept in, our quarters were established, and the rubbish and bushes replaced in the space of a few minutes."

Unfavourable as the condition now was of these intrepid Englishmen, they contrived to procure friends willing to aid in their liberation. By good luck, they became acquainted with a smuggler, who offered to convey them to England, although at a great risk to all parties. The author thus concludes his interesting narrative:—

"At length, on the 8th of May, positive information was brought that all would be in readiness at ten o'clock at night; accordingly, at that hour, the weather fine, and the night dark, we marched down from our place of concealment to the beach, and as soon as the patrol had passed, the private signal was made and answered. The boat gliding silently in shore with muffled oars, we rushed in with the rapidity of thought, and, in an instant, were all safe afloat; each seized an oar, and, vigorously applying his utmost strength, we soon reached beyond the range of shot.

It were in vain to attempt a faithful description of our feelings at this momentous crisis; the lapse of a few minutes had wrought such a change of extremes, that I doubt, if amidst a confusion of senses, we could immediately divest ourselves of the apprehensions which constant habit had engrained on the mind; nor, indeed, could we relinquish the oar, but continued at this laborious, though now delightful occupation, almost without intermission the whole night.

When the day dawned, the breeze freshened from the eastward, and as the sun began to diffuse his cheering rays, the wide expanse of liberty opened around us, and in the distant rear the afflicted land of misery and bondage was beheld with feelings of gratitude and triumph. No other object intercepted the boundless prospect save a solitary gun-brig, which was soon approached. Naturally anxious to proceed with dispatch, we passed on, and, unobserved, reached a considerable distance, when a boat was discovered making towards us. Being in no fear of Frenchmen

thus venturing so far from land, we hove to; and, having made the officer acquainted with the circumstances of our embarkation and destination, again spread the canvass, and made rapid progress to the N.W. About noon, the wind still increasing, and the sea rising, it was deemed prudent to close-roof the sail. While thus delightfully scudding before the foaming billows, which occasionally broke as if to overwhelm our little boat, only fifteen feet in length, each eye was steadily fixed a-head, anxious to be the first to announce land. It was not, however, till towards three P.M. that the white cliffs were seen. Although our situation was already replete with 'joy and gladness,' still the first sight of our native shore, after so long an absence, coupled with the recollection of conquered difficulties, excited increased happiness, and afforded ample compensation for past sufferings, though not without a pleasing hope that promotion would be their reward.

On falling in with a fishing smack, at the back of the Goodwin Sands, the master welcomed us on board, and taking the boat in tow, ran for Ramsgate. On entering the harbour at five o'clock, I landed with such ineffable emotions of joy, that, with a heart throbbing almost to suffocation, regardless of the numerous spectators, I fell down and kissed with rapture the blessed land of liberty."

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### HUMBOLDT.

HUMBOLDT, one of the most successful of modern travellers, and who still survives, fulfils in the mind of intelligent men the perfect idea of a person every way suited to the pursuit of knowledge in remote regions of the globe. He is at once an astronomer, a physiologist, a botanist, a metaphysician, an antiquary, a philologist; he is learned in statistics and political economy; and this assemblage of acquirements, so rarely found united in a single individual, are in him accompanied with sleepless activity of mind, and with all the zeal, enterprise, and vigour, necessary to give them their full effect.

Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. After studying at Göttingen and Frankfurt on the Oder, in 1790 he visited Holland and England; and the fruit of this his first effort in a vocation in which he was to become so renowned, was a work entitled "Observations on the Basalts" of the Rhine." In 1791, he studied mining and botany at the mining school in Freyberg, where his talents, acquirements, and amiable deportment, bought him golden opinions of all men. In the year following, he was appointed assessor in the mining and smelting department, and soon afterwards removed to Baireuth, as overseer of the mines in Franconia. Here he introduced a variety of improvements—in particular the establishment of a mining school at Steben; he also made several valuable galvanic experiments, the results of which he published in 1796. In the year previous to this, he voluntarily abandoned his office, from an insatiable desire to travel. He went to Italy, and in the autumn of the same year traversed a part of Switzerland. In 1797, he visited Paris, where he formed a connection with Aimé Bonpland, a pupil of the medical school and botanic garden in the French capital. From Paris, Humboldt set out for Madrid, with a considerable collection of instruments; for he had for some years cherished the design of travelling within the tropics at his own expense. In 1799, the court granted him permission to travel through the Spanish colonies in America; and he thereupon sent for his young friend Bonpland, who joined him immediately, and set sail with him from Corunna.

The plan of travel which these two friends sketched for themselves, was laid out upon a more extensive scale than that of any journey hitherto undertaken by private persons. Five years was the period in which they proposed to explore distant regions, and in that space of time no two individuals ever collected so much useful information, and returned to Europe so richly fraught with oblations, amassed with unwearied zeal, and which were destined for the altar of science. Our travellers landed at Tenerife towards the end of June 1799. After making various philosophical excursions into the country, they ascended the Peak, which, according to Humboldt, rises 12,176 English feet above the level of the sea. This remarkable mountain has been ably described by our traveller; and our knowledge of its geology, botany, &c., now scarcely admits of improvement; indeed, this may be said of almost

\* Basalt is one of the species of trap rocks which are frequently exhibited in the form of columns, as in Fingal's Cave, Isle of Staffa. For further information, see Account of the Globe, Information for the People, No. 6.

every region explored by the gifted Prussian. In July, they arrived at Cumana, the capital of New Andalusia, in South America. During this and the following year, they visited the coasts of Paria, the Indian missions, and the province in which they landed; travelling likewise through New Barcelona, Venezuela, and Spanish Guiana. It would be an endless task to attempt the enumeration of all the new philosophical and other observations made by Humboldt and his companion in these excursions: it is sufficient to say, that nothing which can add to our information upon the nature of the country, its history and inhabitants, is overlooked. They fixed the longitude of Cumana, Caracas, and many other important places; added vastly to our knowledge of the general phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes; and, in fine, presented Europe with a faithful and full-length picture of the several countries which they visited—such a one as the philosopher will frequently examine for facts to establish his inductions, the geographer to collect materials for his compilations, and the moral philosopher and philologist to be enlightened upon the nature of man and his language. From Caracas they went to the charming valleys of Aragua, where the eye luxuriates over the splendour of tropical vegetation. They afterwards travelled into the interior as far as the equator; traversed the vast plains of Calabozo, Apura, and the Llanos, where the thermometer stood in the shade at 100–115° of Fahrenheit, and the hot surface of the earth showed, for 42,000 square miles, but a very slight difference of level. They also observed upon the sand here, the phenomena of refraction and singular elevations. At San Fernando of Apura, they commenced a voyage of above 500 leagues in canoes, surveying the country, and ascertaining the height of the various elevations, by means of philosophical instruments and some of the heavenly bodies. They descended the Rio Apura, which disembogues its waters into the Orinoco in the seventh degree of north latitude, ascended the latter to the mouth of the Rio Guaviare, and passed the remarkable waterfalls of Ataris and Maipure, where the cave of Atarnip encloses the mummies of a nation which was destroyed in a war with the Caribs and Maravites. After navigating various rivers, visiting the mission of Javita, and the sources of the Grigina (Rio Negro), they descended this river to the fort of San Carlos, and the boundaries of Grand Paria, the principal capitaney of Brazil. Our travellers now undertook a long and hazardous journey for the purpose of determining the branch of the great Orinoco, called Cassiquari, which unites that river with the famous Amazon; but the difficulties encountered from the savage Indian tribes rendered it an impossibility to reach the sources of the Orinoco. From Esmeralda, a solitary and remote Christian settlement on the upper Orinoco, they travelled the whole length of that river to its mouth at St. Thomas, or Augustura, in New Guiana, a distance of nearly 1000 miles. Humboldt relates a curious circumstance which occurred during his stay here: An Indian having gone to anchor his canoe in a cove where there were not three feet of water, a fierce crocodile, which would seem to have been here the lord of the manor, seized him by the leg, and carried him off. With remarkable courage and presence of mind, after having searched in vain in his pocket for a knife, he thrust his fingers into the animal's eyes. The monster, however, succeeded in effecting the destruction of his victim, after plunging to the bottom of the river, and drowning the Indian, and rose to the surface and dragged the body to a neighbouring island. He also relates a remarkable fact, that one of the many savage tribes whose country he had to traverse, are in the habit of swallowing quantities of earth, in which, to all appearance, there is not a particle of nourishment, for the purpose of allaying hunger.

After encountering severe hardships in their journeys to various places, our travellers took their departure for Cuba, one of the West India islands belonging to Spain. Here they were employed three months, partly in determining the longitude of Havannah, the capital of that island, and partly in erecting a new furnace for boiling sugar. It was now their intention to have gone to Vera Cruz, from that place to the Philippine Islands, and from thence, if practicable, through Bombay, Bassora, and Aleppo, to Constantinople. Humboldt had made arrangements previous to quitting Paris, that if the French expedition should take effect during his absence, he would unite himself to it. Circumstances occurred, however, which prevented him from accomplishing his purpose. In March 1801, he sailed along the southern part of the island of Cuba, making astronomical observations of different points in the group of islands called the Jardin del Rey, together with the landing-places in the harbour of Trinidad. At Rio Sini, a place hitherto untrod by the foot of a botanist, he made a short stay collecting specimens. A desire to find some celebrated plants induced the travellers to spend several weeks in the forests of Turbaco, which were adorned with the most splendid flowers. They afterwards descended the river Magdalena, of which Humboldt sketched a chart, whilst his companion employed his time in studying the vegetable tribes which peopled its banks. From Honda, they travelled to Santa Fe-de-Bogota, the capital of New Granada. The valuable collections of Mutis, a celebrated botanist, the waterfall of Tequendama, the mining works of Mariquita, Santa Anna, and De Zipaquirá, the natural bridge of Itonzo—two rocks rent asunder by one of those terrible con-

\* These men were robbers.

volutions of nature so frequent in these regions, and supporting a third, which seems to tremble in the air to every breeze—these remarkable objects engaged the attention of our travellers till September 1891. The weather here now becomes very unfavourable for travelling; but nothing could damp their enthusiasm, or deter them from prosecuting their labours. They set out for Quito, a province and city of the republic of Colombia. The city lies upon the volcanic mountain Pinchincha, at an elevation of 6550 feet above the level of the sea. They then descended the valley of the river Magdalena, crossed the Andes at Quindin, where a forest of storax and beautiful passion-flowers blow unchilled on the bosom of the eternal snows of Tolima. Barefooted and wet, more resembling ardent religious devotees performing a severe act of penance, than individuals travelling for their own pleasure, and the benefit of science and mankind, they reached the valley of the river Cauca. After having traversed the province of Choco, the region of the metal platina, they ascended to Popayan, at the foot of the snow-capped volcanoes of Purace and Stora, passing through Calito, and the gold-washings of Quilichao. In this remarkable climate the thermometer stood always at 70-74° of Fahrenheit. After laborious exertions, they succeeded in reaching to the crater of the volcano Purace, the mouth of which is filled with boiling water, and, in the midst of perpetual snow, continually exhales a vapour of what is called, in chemical language, sulphuretted hydrogen, a gas somewhat similar to that with which our streets and houses are lighted.

After crossing the steep Cordilleras of Almaguer, and traversing many inhospitable and mountainous regions, they arrived at the city of Quito, on January 6, 1892. The kingdom of Quito is remarkable for its gigantic mountains, its volcanoes, its vegetation, its ancient mountains, but, above all, for the manners and customs of its former inhabitants. The philosophical survey of our travellers occupied them for nine months. They twice ascended to the crater of the volcano Pinchincha, where they performed experiments to ascertain the composition of the air, its electrical, magnetical, and hygroscopical peculiarities, its elasticity, and the degree of temperature of boiling water. They made repeated excursions to the mountains of Aritosana, Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, and Chimborazo, whose summits are crowned with a diadem of perpetual snow. Humboldt made some important discoveries with regard to the Andes. He has fully established the important fact, that some of the volcanoes with which they abound have considerably sunk since 1783, with which result the reports of the inhabitants also entirely coincide. He was also convinced that all these stupendous masses were formed by crystallisation. Our travellers scaled the summits of the most remarkable mountains, reaching an elevation hitherto unattained by human foot. They ascended Chimborazo, June 23, 1892, 18,576 French feet above the level of the sea. The blood exuded from their eyes, lips, and gums, and they became almost torpid through the excessive cold. A narrow deep valley prevented them from reaching the most remote summit of the mountain, which is about 1344 feet higher. Cotopaxi is the loftiest of those volcanoes of the Andes which have produced eruptions at recent periods; its absolute height is 18,878 feet, and is, consequently, 2625 feet higher than Vesuvius would be were it piled upon the top of the Peak of Teneriffe. The form of this celebrated mountain is the most regular and beautiful of all the colossal summits of that mighty chain of which it constitutes a link. It is a perfect cone, and covered with snow, "and sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought." At that time the mountain may be seen from an immense distance shining with dazzling effulgence.

Our travellers having quitted Quito, pointed their course towards the great river Amazon, visiting on their way the ruins of Lactacunga, Hambato, and Riobamba, situated in a country the natural landmarks of which had in 1797 been nearly obliterated by earthquakes, which destroyed, besides, 40,000 individuals. They then passed to Loxa, where in the forests of Gonzanama and Malaentes they examined the trees which yield the Peruvian bark. Leaving Loxa, they entered Peru by Ayavaca and Gouacambamba, traversing the ridge of the Andes, to descend to the river Amazon. They were compelled to cross the Rio de Chayma no less than thirty-five times in two days. They saw the splendid ruins of the Causeway of the Incas (monarchs of Peru), which passes over the porphyry rocks of the Andes at a height of from 7670 to 11,510 feet. They then took a raft, and embarked upon the river Chayma for the Amazon, and ascertained the astronomical situation of their junction. Humboldt followed the Amazon to the cataract Rentewa, and at Tomependa drew up an accurate plan of this unknown part of the river. His companion, in the meanwhile, had been busily employed upon the vegetable kingdom. In returning to Peru, our travellers, for the fifth time, crossed the Andes. In seven degrees of south latitude, they determined the position of the magnetic equator, or the line in which the needle has no inclination. They likewise examined the rich mines of Hualguayok, where native silver is obtained at an elevation of 12,790 feet above the surface of the sea. From Caxamarca, which is celebrated for its baths and ruins, they descended to Truxillo, in the neighbourhood of which are included the ruins of the immense Peruvian city Mansiche, decorated with pyramids, in one of which, in the eighteenth century, was

found a quantity of beaten gold to the value of 4,000,000 livres. Descending the western side of the Andes, they for the first time obtained a magnificent view of the great Pacific Ocean, and of the long and narrow valley bounded by its shores, where rain and thunder are unknown. They followed the arid coast of the Southern Ocean through Santa and Guarmey to Lima, where Humboldt was fortunate enough to observe with considerable accuracy, in the harbour of Callao de Lima, the termination of the planet Mercury's transit over the sun, a celestial phenomenon which some time before he had undertaken a long journey to obtain a glimpse of.—We shall continue the narrative in another article.

#### FIELD FLOWERS.

[By THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,  
For ye wait me to summers of old,  
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for hilling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams  
And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes:  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore?  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or agony of fear,  
Had seathed my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—New Monthly Magazine.

#### SHAPE OF THE EARTH, ITS SIZE, AND DENSITY.

[From the American Almanack for 1831.]

The level portions of the earth's surface seem at first view perfectly flat. But if we examine them more critically, and for a considerable extent, we shall find that they are decidedly convex, or swelled out in the middle. The light of a lighthouse requires to be raised, in order to be seen at any considerable distance. Let it be placed on a level with the sea, and a person of the common height, or whose eyes are less than six feet above the surface of the sea, would not be able to see it at the distance of four miles, however strong and clear the light might be. But upon raising himself higher and higher, he would at length, when his eye had reached an elevation of ten or eleven feet above the surface, be able to discern it just grazing the surface of the water. The same effect would be produced if the light were raised ten or eleven feet, and the eye of the observer were on the level of the ocean. And a light 60 or 100 feet high disappears in like manner by sinking lower and lower; only the distance at which we are required to place ourselves to produce this effect, becomes greater and greater according to the elevation of the light, and according also to our own elevation above the level of the sea. The most convenient position for a nice observation of this kind is an extended lake, when covered with smooth ice. We will suppose ourselves provided with a common leveling instrument, or any long tube capable of being fixed in an exactly horizontal position, which is easily determined by a water-level, or by being at right angles to a plumb-line. Let us suppose that the line of sight through the tube is precisely four feet from the ice, and that the tube can be turned in all directions without varying from a horizontal or level position. If we now look through the tube at an upright rod or pole placed with one end on the ice at different distances, we shall be able to establish, in the most satisfactory manner, the following important facts:—

1. The line of sight, or *apparent level*, as it is called, departs from the surface of the ice, or *true level*, in whatever direction we look.
2. This departure, or *difference of level*, is the same in all directions as to the points of the compass, where the distance from the observer is the same.
3. The difference of level for a distance of one mile is 8 inches.
4. If we double any distance, the difference of level is quadrupled; and if we triple the distance, the difference of level is nine times as great, and so on, according to the law of the squares; that is, the difference of level for one mile being 8 inches, that for two miles is not twice 8, but four times 8, or 32 inches, and that for three miles is 9 times 8, or 72 inches.

Similar observations being made in other places in different parts of the earth, we arrive at essentially the same results.

The facts above given lead to conclusions not less curious and striking.

1. The earth's surface is curved, instead of being

plane, or flat, and plumb-lines, or lines perpendicular to the surface, are not strictly parallel, but incline more and more the farther they are apart, and tend to meet at some point within.

2. The earth appears to be equally curved in all directions, and the law of the departure of the apparent from the true level, indicates a spherical surface.

But while we have thus found out the general dimensions of the earth, we have discovered that the form is not exactly that of a sphere. The length of a degree increases as we proceed from the equator toward either pole. We hence infer that the earth is flattened about the polar regions, and more convex between the tropics. The average length of a degree is 69.1-15th miles. But the length of a degree in latitude 66°, is about two-thirds of a mile greater than at the equator. The same phenomenon is indicated also by the pendulum. A clock which keeps correct time at the equator, is found to gain more and more as it is carried toward either pole, in consequence of a quicker motion of the pendulum, resulting from a nearer approach to the centre, and a greater power of gravity.

Is the earth solid or hollow, and if solid, how dense is it? Would it be equivalent to so much water, or would it exceed it, and how much would it exceed it? It may seem very difficult to answer these questions, and yet they have been answered most satisfactorily. It is now abundantly proved, not only that the earth is solid, but that the interior parts are more and more compact the nearer we approach to the centre, as we should naturally suppose. We are able to estimate the influence which a mountain exerts upon a plumb-line, by observing how much it is drawn out of the direction of an exact perpendicular; and then, by comparing the size of the mountain with the size of the earth, knowing at the same time of what materials the mountain is composed, we are able to say how much the matter of the whole earth exceeds that of the mountain. It is thus ascertained that the matter composing the earth is about five times as dense as water, or, in other words, would weigh, under the same circumstances, five times as much as the same bulk of water. Now we know that the matter near the surface, is, for the most part, either water or earthy and stony substances, only two or three times as heavy as water. The density of the interior parts, therefore, must greatly exceed that at the surface, in order that the average may amount to five times the density of water, as is ascertained by actual observation.

It may be thought that the above method of determining the quantity of matter in a mountain is liable to great uncertainty. It should be known that we do not rely upon a single experiment, or even upon one single method, for so important a result. A balance has been contrived, depending upon the twisting and untwisting of an extremely fine wire suspended perpendicularly,\* by which the mutual tendency (or relative weight) of two balls of lead, has been accurately estimated and compared with the force exerted by the great mass of the earth; and these delicate experiments have afforded a striking confirmation of the result above stated.

\* A balance of this construction, applied to electrical forces, has been estimated to weigh to the sixty-thousandth part of a grain.

#### PREJUDICE, THE SPIDER OF THE MIND.

Of Prejudice it has been truly said, that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited; still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the Spider of the Mind.—*Retrospective Review*.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott used to repeat the following striking lines, as an ancient inscription found at Melrose Abbey:—

The earth goeth on the earth, glistening in gold;  
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would;  
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;  
The earth says to the earth—"All shall be ours!"

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